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Dr YOUNG.

*Engraved by Caroline Watson, 1808.*

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THE

# CABINET

OF

# POETRY,

CONTAINING

*THE BEST ENTIRE PIECES TO BE FOUND IN*

THE WORKS

OF

## THE BRITISH POETS.

"If the grain were separated from the chaff which fills the "works of our National Poets, what is truly valuable "would be to what is useless in the proportion of a "molehill to a mountain."—BURKE.

*IN SIX VOLUMES.*

VOL. IV.

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1808.

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## POETS

CONTAINED IN THIS FOURTH VOLUME.

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THOMSON. COLLINS.
MALLET. DYER.
PHILLIPS. SHENSTONE.
HAMILTON. AKENSIDE.
YOUNG.

# CONTENTS

## OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

---

## THOMSON.


PAGE

The Seasons—Spring ..... 3
Summer ..... 32
Autumn ..... 77
Winter ..... 111
A Hymn ..... 138
The Castle of Indolence. Canto I. ..... 141
Canto II. ..... 159
To Mr. Thomson, on the Castle of Indolence. ..... 179
Song. ..... 180
Ode on Æolus's Harp. ..... 181
Hymn on Solitude ..... ib.
Elegy on the Death of Mr. Aikman the Painter. ..... 183
Song ..... 185


## MALLET.


A Fragment ..... 187
Edwin and Emma ..... 189
A Winter's Day ..... 192
William and Margaret ..... 194


## PHILLIPS.


To the Honourable Miss Carteret ..... 199
From Holland to a Friend in England ..... 201

PAGE
To the Earl of Dorset....203
An Hymn to Venus....205
A Fragment of Sappho....206
To Mr. Ambrose Phillips....207

## HAMILTON.

Contemplation; or, the Triumph of Love....210
To the Countess of Eglintoun....224
Ode to Fancy....227
The Braes of Yarrow....232

## COLLINS.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral....238
Hassan; or, the Camel Driver....240
Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana....242
Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives....244
Ode to Fear....246
Ode to Simplicity....248
Ode on the Political Character....250
Ode to Evening....252
Ode to Peace....254
The Manners, an ode....255
The Passions, an ode for music....257
Dirge in Cymbeline....260
Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson....261

## DYER.

Grongar Hill....265
The Country Walk....269
To Mr. Savage....273
An Epistle to a Friend in Town....274

## SHENSTONE.

PAGE
Elegies ..... 277—289
Ode to Memory ..... 290
Ode to Health ..... 292
The Dying Kid ..... 294
Songs ..... 293—299
A Pastoral Ballad ..... 300
The Rape of the Trap ..... 306
Written at an Inn at Henley ..... 307
The Judgment of Hercules ..... ib.
The School-Mistress ..... 322
On a Tablet against a Root-house ..... 331
On the Back of a Gothic Seat ..... 332
On the Back of a Gothic Alcove ..... 333
On a Seat on the Side of a Slope ..... 334

## AKENSIDE.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book I. ..... 337
Book II. ..... 352
Book III. ..... 371
Chearfulness, an ode ..... 386
Ode to the Muse ..... 390
Ode on Love. To a friend ..... 391
Ode to the Evening Star ..... 394
Ode to the Cuckoo ..... 397
Ode on the Love of Praise ..... 398
Hymn to the Naiads ..... 399
Hymn to Science ..... 407

## YOUNG.

PAGE

THE COMPLAINT; OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Night I.—On Life, Death, and Immortality. ....413

Night II.—On Time, Death, and Friendship. ....425

Love of Fame the universal Passion: . ..... ....442

# THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the poet of nature, was the son of a Scotch clergyman, and born at Ednam, Rosburghshire, in 1700. His mother, a sensible and excellent woman, being left a widow, paid great attention to his education; and as he was intended for the church, she sent him to the University of Edinburgh, where the splendid diction of his exercises procured him censure instead of applause from the dry and formal professors of divinity.

Disgusted with this treatment, and feeling all the enthusiasm of genius, he produced his WINTER, and with the manuscript copy, his only treasure, came up to London, determined to court his fortune; not unaided, however, by several introductions to persons of rank and consequence. Strange to relate, it was sometime, nevertheless, before he could find a bookseller to purchase his poem; and, stranger still, it was much longer before the bookseller could find readers for his copies. But superior merit will at last make its way, in spite of obstacles; and no sooner did the public begin to perceive the beauties of his composition, than it became loud in the author's praise. The other "Seasons" appeared at intervals; and fixed his fame on an immutable base. He likewise succeeded, though not equally, in dramatic composition; and if his tragedies do not *materially* add to his reputation, excepting Tancred and Sigismunda, they improved his finances: and all discover the virtue and genius of the author.

Having the good fortune to be appointed travelling tutor to the honourable Charles Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor of that name, he had an opportunity of contemplating the scenes of ancient freedom, and on his return, produced "Liberty, a Poem;" which though replete with brilliant passages, is now seldom read and less quoted. It is extinguish'd in the blaze of the "Seasons."

After the loss of his pupil and his father, Thomson attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, the patron

of English literature, and was received on terms of intimacy by Lyttelton, and other ornaments of the court of Frederick.

"The Castle of Indolence," one of the last of his productions, is a most capital performance. It is not surpassed even by the Seasons. Some of his minor pieces, likewise, breathe all the tenderness of friendship, and all the inspirations of genius.

Thomson died in 1748, and was buried at Richmond, where he had resided for some time, in a philosophical independence. As a man he was universally beloved; he never made an enemy, and it is believed that he never lost a friend!

By the united interest of Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mitchell, the orphan play of Coriolanus was brought on the stage to the best advantage. Lord L.'s prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that ever had been written: the best *spoken* it certainly was. Mr. Quin, was the particular friend of Mr. Thomson, and when he recited the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance, rose at once to his imagination, while the tears of his heart flowed from his eyes.

He lov'd his friends—forgive this gushing tear,—
Alas! I feel I am no actor here—
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art;
Such gen'rous freedom, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it—but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in the first, second, and last lines had a fine effect in speaking; Mr. Quin here excelled himself, nor did he ever appear so great an actor as at the instant, when he declared himself none.

The noble Lord abovementioned has observed, that of all our poets, Thomson is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of indecency;

"His chasten'd muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre,
"None but the noblest passions to inspire;
"Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
"One line which dying he would wish to blot."

# THE SEASONS.

## SPRING 1728.

" Et nunc omnis, ager nunc omnis parturit arbos,
" Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus."
VIRG.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on man; concluding with a discursive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,

Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the sower stalks,
With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air, this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit

Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For, oft engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains, these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain. For hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,

In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms, on mortals shed,
Oppressing life: but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on nature's ample lap?

Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mixt in wild concert with the warbling brook
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by that disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
And soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:

Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mixt them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.

For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into full revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd vindictive to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse; for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild neces-ity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,

And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? the beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all the slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak help'ess uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun

Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair:
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore, slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,

That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.
Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps:
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, were mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the length'ned gloom, protracted sweeps

Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose,
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! Universal soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:

By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,

When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd spring around her blows.
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away: or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parent seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,

And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd:—to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:

This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature's common, far as they can see
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose vibration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight:
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample side the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding throng;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;

O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straighten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldly joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, liberty and law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty breath*, ye sages, say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace

Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st;
Thy British Tempe! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal: or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,

Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few.*
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
Perfumes and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour still
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies;
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the gray morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,

In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
  These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buy
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom;

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

# SUMMER.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
  Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
  Come, inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and rapture'd glance,
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an extasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons, ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the alternate twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires: Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desart joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him!
Who, light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awefully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd o'erflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every falt'ring tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,

And to the quire celestial thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sits, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,

Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes;
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,

With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descends
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That once unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax

Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning on her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here: and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till the deep well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving-side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.

The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink:
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,

Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amidst his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies, fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest
Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast

Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd, to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
"A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,

Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid zone*:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air;
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The **general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
*Returning suns* † and *double seasons* pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,

And richer sweets, beyond our gardens pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these vallies shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as the crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. *But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my muse, the desart barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No *holy fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave,
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Disdaining all assault; there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of streaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,

Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till glad to quit
The joyless desart, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Coromandel's coast, or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitless desarts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah? what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progresssive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,

And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste:
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,

The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! ev'n the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets

Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, th' aërial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring ‡ Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the *stormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The ‖ Lusitanian Prince; who, heaven-inspir'd,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, are names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

‖ Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries, was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoxial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,

Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? * From Ethiopa's poison'd woods
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad:
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,

The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its aweful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red-whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintery load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guiless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
"And inward storm! he, who yon skies involves
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
"That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
"'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,

Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through th' lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path:
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.

Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,

To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
'To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
'And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,

As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue * that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: ev'n a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
"Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
"Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,

* The Venus of Medici.

Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoys the falling day:
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast lycéum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene *? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills † that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, shining or splendor.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing muse :
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the muse's haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god;* to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the *power of cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! Where, the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade with joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts

* In his last sickness.

Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd names the virtues saint,
And *his own* muses love; the best of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *statesmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A * Drake who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,

* To which, since the time of Thomson, may now be added an illustrious line of naval heroes, even down to the last irreparable loss of the country he so gloriously defended—the immortal Nelson.

To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men, on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * British Cassius, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *sages* and in noble *bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,

* Algernon Sidney.

Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous * Ashley thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, *pure intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white

* Anthony Ashly Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou! by whose almighty *nod* the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
The tender-looking charity, intent,
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *public zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;

Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an inchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,

Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountains tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,

The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, nor dares the wint'ry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:

To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

# AUTUMN.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the Season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintery frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various blossom'd spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire and dignify her song.
Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue; she
Though weak in power, yet strong in ardent will,

Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power;
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,

Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time; till industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd
And form'd a public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot-council met, the full
The free, and fairly represented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force oppression chaining, set

Imperial justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
Then commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores; the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften'd into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd.
All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears,
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;

His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
"And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
"Recals that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
"Now to the dust gone down: his houses, lands,
"And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
"'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
"Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live,
"Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
"Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
"She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
"So long in vain? O, heavens, the very same,
"The soften'd image of my noble friend!
"Alive his every look, his every feature,
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
"Thou sole surviving blossom from the root

" That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
" Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer soil,
" Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
" Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
" Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
" The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir

Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves;
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempest waves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,

Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel, struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;

But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm;
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.
The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth

Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd: the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sounds sonorous, running round,

From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep: and o'er the lawn
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game;
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent froom the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.

To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
  At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle, and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The *lubber power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,

Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins! come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips! Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington! thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prosp ct: yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of the lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell, and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of nature ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun, elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,

Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth, and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon opprest, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin

To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading genius, given to man
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,

O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the *stony girdle* * of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep th' eternal snows! hung o'er the deep
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains † of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd,
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Cameny-poys, that is, the great stony girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa that surround almost all Monomotapa.

Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide round,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky:
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of fairest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with the keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent stream*
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;

Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil;
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue

Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.

O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun, the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze among the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;

The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *social offspring of the heart.*
Oh, bear me then to vast bowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe! *
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that † Temple where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radian trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn

With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swell the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,

Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see, where robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?

O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintery winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus, a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By regal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
Ev'n Winter, wild to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye;
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself with man!
Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,

Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye,
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

# WINTER.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the Season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apenines. A Winter Evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train:
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;

To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great;
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable-cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,

Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils, to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen tread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screems along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,

And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-fairing stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs

That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair, then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintery plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upwar'd urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.
Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I foget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,

* The Goal Committee in the year 1729.

Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast:
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintery waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,

Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wisest of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm * devoted chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon, sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the best, the ‡ Theban pair,
Whose virtues in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk;

* Leonidas. † Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
*To save a rotten state*, Agis, who saw
Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better founder* first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The * public father who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinatus, awful from the plough.
Thy † willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *poetic shade*

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus

With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *steel* against thy *friend*.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
The British muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene:
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay;
Or from the muse's hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain'd her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general good*. The sage historic muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Show us how empire grew, declin'd and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns:
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,

Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury fall; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil show'd.
O, thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the rural muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British *scorn*,
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again

* A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft-shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,

Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
  On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,

On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon.
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*

* The old name for China.

With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts,
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierc'd,*
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde,* with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time:

* The north-west wind. † The wandering Scythian-clans.

And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses Tenglio † rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says—"From this height we had an opportunity several "times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people "of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the "guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with "stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed "rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears."

† The same author observes—"I was surprised to see upon "the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as "any that are in our gardens."

Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornëa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.*
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all subduing-frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months

* The other hemisphere.

Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,*
As with *first* prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears, that stalk without.
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er the fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man! wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great *example* show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all the dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever-free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphan's pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of wintery time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

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In an ingenious Essay on the Plan and Construction of "The Seasons,"* the editor observes, that the divine spirit which breaks forth, at intervals, in each division of the poem, shines full and concentred in the noble Hymn which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of its kind since the days of Milton, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus, is not only admirable as a separate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the GREAT WHOLE!

* Dr. Aikin.

## A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixt with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-busy wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend! join every living soul,

Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! to him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour should come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

# THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

## CANTO I.

The castle height of indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurl'd every-where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half-shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, asthey chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,

And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung.
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
"See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
"From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
"The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
"Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
"They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for flail,
"E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
"Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
"Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
"Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
"And of the vices, an inhuman train,
"That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
"For when hard-hearted Interest first began
"To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
"Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
"And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
"Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
"You trust to gain, and put an end to strife;
"Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,

" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain: come, and, withouten see,
" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
" Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
" To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
" Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
" And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
" Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
" From village on to village sounding clear:
" To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
" Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
" With sounds that are a misery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
" Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
" On others' ways they never squint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
" For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

" What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above the passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
" The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a base world at last have stol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
" Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.

The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd of sallow hue:
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains to trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the unaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permi .
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
"Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign

To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my molted wing?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shall sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shall tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sages calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling-bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each shou'd work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose, and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchial age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,

Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapasan roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore:
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
These long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.

What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiff's dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another sett, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark,

As soon this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is "done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,

Our castle's shame! whence from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
"But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,

" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
" Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
" Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
" There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
" We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus * of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
† Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet,
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:

* Mr. Quin.

† This character of Mr. Thomson was written by Lord Lyttelton.

They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious, as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour, dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw.
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown:
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,

Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft, swoln, and pale, here lay the hydropsy:
Unwieldly man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear, her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

## CANTO II.

**The knight of arts and industry,**
**And his atchievements fair;**
**That by his castle's overthrow,**
**Secur'd and crowned were.**

Escap'd the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while that laws not guard the noblest toil,
Ne for the other Muses meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,

Thy half-wit scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run;
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,

That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
What'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep,
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught,
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A ragged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece and Rome, their golden times
Successive had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,

All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries),
This, whilst my labours liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt, and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nourseling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea

In pensive mood, and tun'd his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcena's name,
Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects! inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependant art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable war:
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories wild!

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change, the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landskips strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach:
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay?
That soul enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.

Thus vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
"Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
"The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

I will (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy
That villain, Archimage.—His page then straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his *sister of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:

* The Nightingale.

But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they rode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
"The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
"Will, through the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite ev'n of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
"And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
"Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
"That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
"And vice of virtue. What should then betide

" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

" Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
" To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutish vice of this avail,
" And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
" Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
" Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
" Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe:
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
"There must (he cry'd), amidst so vast a shoal,
"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
"Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit "start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousand round him throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—
" Ye helpless race,
" Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
" What but eternal never-resting soul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day;
" By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
" In universal nature this clear shown,
" Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
" Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
" The foul November fogs and slumberous mass,
" With which sad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
" The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
" To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
" In all supreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
" And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
" For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in loose joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,

" Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
" None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,
" none prais'd.

" Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
" To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
" Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkish legends been their only strains;
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with War-
" wick swains,
" Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

" Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
" And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
" Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
" Had all been lost with such as have no name.
" Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted stood,
" And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

" But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
" If right I read, your pleasure all require:
" Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
" How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
" Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
" In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

" Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
" When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
" How tasteless then whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital principle of bliss,

" And exercise of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
" Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
" day.

" O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
" The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
" The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
" In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
" See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-
" saunce breeds?

" But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
" Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
" Your talents here. This place is but a show,
" Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right.
" Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
" Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bless the day that brought him to your
" sight.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
" To senates some, and public sage debates,
" Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
" To high discovery some, that new creates
" The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
" To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart;
" All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
" Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
" Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;

" All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
" Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
" 'Tis rising from the dead.—Alas!—It cannot be!

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
" Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
" His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
" Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
" Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
" Let godlike reason, from her sov'reign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
" wise,
" Your few important days of trial here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
" Through endless states of being, still more near
" To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
" And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
" No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains the
" sordid crime!"

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—straight from the
crowd,
The better sort on wings of transport fly:
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintery torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,

It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
"Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
"What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
"While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
"We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
"What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
"Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
"Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
"sublime."

"Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
"Your happiness behold!"—Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night control'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day.

Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

" O heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
" Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
" Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
" And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
" O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
" That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of despair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
" Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
" Certes (quoth he), it is not ev'n in grace,
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
" Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices heaven.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
" And by these sufferings purify the mind;
" Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with penitence resign'd,
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
" One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to the " skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (resum'd the knight, with sterner tone)
" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
" That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;

" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
" Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
" What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal
" day?"

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The charities, to-wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreads.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.

There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor mountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a gray waste appear'd;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow:
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt beggary, and scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the while.

The other was a fell despightful fiend:
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

## AN EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The foregoing poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

Archimage---*the chief or greatest of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid---*paid.*
Appal---*affright.*
Atween---*between.*
Ay---*always.*
Bale---*sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt---*named.*
Blazon---*painting, displaying.*
Breme---*cold, raw.*
Carol---*to sing songs of joy.*
Caucus---*the north-east wind.*
Certes---*certainly.*
Dan---*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly---*skilfully.*
Depainted---*painted.*
Drowsy-head---*drowsiness.*
Eath---*easy.*
Eftsoons---*immediately, often afterwards.*
Eke---*also.*
Fays---*fairies.*
Gear or Geer---*furniture, equipage, dress.*
Glaive---*sword.* (Fr.)
Glee---*joy, pleasure.*
Han---*have.*
Hight---*named, called;* and sometimes it is used for *is called.* See stanza vii.
Idless---*Idleness.*
Imp---*child, or offspring; from the Saxon impan, to graft or plant.*
Kest---*for cast.*
Lad---*for led.*
Lea---*a piece of land or meadow.*
Libbard---*leopard.*
Lig---*to lie.*
Losel---*a loose idle fellow.*
Louting---*bowing, bending.*
Lithe---*loose, lax.*
Medl---*mingle.*
Moe---*more.*
Moil---*to labour.*
Mote---*might.*
Muchel or Mochel, *much, great.*
Nathless---*nevertheless.*
Ne---*nor.*
Needments---*necessaries.*
Nourisling---*a child that is nursed.*
Noyance---*harm.*
Prankt---*coloured, adorned gaily.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)---*an old oath.*
Prick'd through the forest---*rode through the forest.*
Sear---*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen---*bright, shining.*
Sicker---*sure, surely.*
Soot---*sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth---*true, or truth.*
Stound---*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry---*sultry, consuming with heat.*
Swink---*to labour.*
Smackt---*savoured.*
Thrall---*slave.*
Transmew'd---*transform'd.*
Vild---*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorned.*
Ween---*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet---*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom---*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight---*man.*
Wis, *for* Wist---*to know, think, understand.*
Wonne---(a noun) *dwelling.*
Wrought---*wrenkt.*

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as *witheaten, casten,* &c.

Yborn---*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent---*blended, mingled.*
Yclad---*clad.*
Yclept---*called, named.*
Yfere---*together.*
Ymolten---*melted.*
Yede *(preter tense of* yede) *went.*

# TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS UNFINISHED PLAN OF A POEM, CALLED THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, IN SPENSER'S STYLE.

BY DR. MORELL.

As when the silk-worm, erst the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his sleek sides, that now much sleeker are,
The glossy treasure, and soft threads of gold;
In various turns, and many a winding fold,
He spins his web, and as he spins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He rests supine, imprison'd in the maze,
The which himself did make, the gathering of his days.

So thou, they say, from thy prolific brain,
A castle, hight of indolence, didst raise;
Where listless sprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleasance spend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewarded toil, nor seeken praise.
Thither thou didst repair in luckless hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didst lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyself didst make, the gathering of thy power.

But Venus, suffering not her favourite worm
For ay to sleepen in his silky tomb,
Instructs him to throw off his pristine form,
And the gay features of a fly assume;
When, lo! eftsoons from the surrounding gloom,
He vigorous breaks, forth issuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing speaks his joy in most expressive sound.

So may the god of science and of wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling son;
Shake from thy fatty sides the slumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art so woe begone!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeelest life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of resolution,
Like thine own hero dight, fliest o'er the plains,
Chaunting his peerless praise in never-dying strains.

## SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

## ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.*

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

But, hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred bard,† who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.

## HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And li-ten to thy whisper'd talk,

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.

† Jeremiah.

Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

# ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN THE PAINTER.*

*From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.*

Oh could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
Just, as the living forms by thee design'd,
Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,
Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.
A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
From fervent truth where every virtue sprung;
Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere.
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow;
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
In various virtues, heav'n's internal day,
Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime,
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of time,
Or wand'ring nature through with raptur'd eye,
Ador'd the hand that turn'd yon azure sky:
Whether to social life he bent his thought,
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
Gay converse bless'd; or in the thoughtful grove
Bid the heart open every source of love;
New varying lights still set before your eyes
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.
For such a death who can, who would, refuse
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to Heaven,
Though snatch'd so soon, that Aikman ere was given.
*A friend, whose dead, is but remov'd from sight,*
*Hid in the lustre of eternal light:*

* Mr. Aikman died at London, on the 7th of June, O. S. 1731, from whence his remains were sent to Scotland, and interred in the Gray-Friars church-yard, close by those of his only son, who had been buried only a few months before.

*Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps*
*In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps*
*Lets in a wand'ring ray, and all elate*
*Wings and attracts her to another state;**
*And when the parting storms of life are o'er,*
*May yet rejoin him on a happier shore.*
As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

## SONG.

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pen-ive shadows of the grove:

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us change our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

Ah! tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen, a ray:
In pity, then, my lovely fair,
O turn these killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee.

* This and the three preceding lines, are not in the MS. of Mrs. Forbes Aikman.

# MALLET.

Of David Mallet, whose real name was Malloch, we know little, till he made himself conspicuous by his talents. He was born about the beginning of the last century, and was probably a native of Perthshire, though neither his birth-place nor the condition of his parents are mentioned. It appears that he received some part of his school education at Aberdeen, and that he afterwards studied at the university of Edinburgh.

About this time, he exercised the office of tutor in the family of Mr. Horne of Dreghorn; and having evinced a taste for poetry, he attracted some notice, as a young man of promising talents.

In consequence of his good behaviour, he was recommended, about 1727, as tutor to the two younger sons of the duke of Montrose; and bidding adieu to his native country, he proceeded to Winchester, where the family then resided. In this situation, he had an opportunity of improving his talents, and extending his acquaintance; and when his pupils removed with their parents to London, for the winter, Mallet's sphere of action was enlarged, and he attempted dramatic poetry, and gained considerable applause.

Having attended his pupils on the fashionable tour of the continent, and his services being no longer wanted, he obtained the appointment of Under Secretary from the Prince of Wales, with a salary of 200*l.* a-year, and associated with wits, statesmen, and nobles on terms of respectable and just equality.

In 1741 he married Miss Estlob, a lady of great beauty and merit. Six years after, he published "Amyn-

tor and Theodora," his largest poem, which importantly increased his reputation as a poet.

His connection with Bolingbroke, and his becoming the editor of his works, reflect little credit on the memory of Mallet as a moralist, though, probably, the love of gain rather than a wish to disseminate dangerous principles, was his ruling motive to this undertaking.

The old Duchess of Marlborough engaged him to write the life of the great Duke; and for this he received a proper compliment, but it is said, never seriously took the task in hand.

In 1759, he published his own works in prose and verse, with a dedication to Lord Mansfield. On the accession of his present majesty, Mallet became a political writer, in favour of the earl of Bute; but his health declining, he soon ceased to interfere in the cabals of faction, and departed this life in 1765.

The character of Mallet has been variously represented, as friendship or enmity have held the pen. The attachment of his patrons prove that he could not be destitute of merit: and as a poet, he certainly deserves great praise. His plays and poetry have been frequently reprinted. His most popular pieces, of the smaller kind, are "Edwin and Emma," and "William and Margaret," which delighted our childhood, and are still recollected and read with pleasure.

## A FRAGMENT.

* * *

Fair morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy swell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth;
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
Oh sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot riot would his anguish steep,

But tosses through the midnight-shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where temperance, where the muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While heat sits fervent on the plain,
With thirst and languor in his train:
All nature sickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolness has her seat.
There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf shivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak,
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages, or poets. See they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softens savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the sent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came.

* * * *

## EDWIN AND EMMA.

"Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain.
"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
"And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
"Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
"And dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the old age."

SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colours smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintery waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

## A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy soul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That spreads, slow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd light.
Look out, with joy; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll:
In dismal pomp, now hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies.

While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain,
Now see sad earth—like thine, her alter'd state,
Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate!
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;
These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the sate retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my soul! the winter of their year!
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb:—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise:
And now, the various dreadfulness combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's wish'd shades rise, spreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around.—
But hark! a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows from each dark cavern, now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton season laugh at me!

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale.

That face alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

# A. PHILLIPS.

Ambrose Phillips, descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, was born in 1671; but of the early part of his life we have no account. He received his academical education at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow, and here he first tried his poetical powers, in the collection of Cambridge verses, on the death of Queen Mary. It is also probable, that he wrote his once celebrated pastorals, while studying on the banks of the Cam.

His "Winter Piece," addressed to the Duke of Dorset, from Copenhagen, one of the finest descriptive poems in the English language, shews that he was a traveller, but on what account he visited the north, is now unknown. He afterwards became an author by profession; and performed several jobs for Tonson, for which Pope ridicules him, as if writing for money were any disgrace, and as if his own productions had been free gifts to the public.

In 1712, Phillips produced his celebrated tragedy of the "Distressed Mother," altered from Racine's Andromaque, which was performed with almost unexampled applause. His tragedies of "the Briton" and of "Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester," were not wholly unsuccessful, but they are now little read.

His Pastorals, though they have more of nature than some other compositions of the same class, are entitled to little praise. Their commendation, however, in the Guardian excited the enmity of Pope, and he revenged himself by the most artful piece of irony that perhaps ever was written. Indeed, Pope and Phillips equally disagreed in politics as in poetry: the former was a tory, the latter a zealous whig.

The political sentiments of Phillips procured him, however, some notice. On the accession of George I. he was made a commissioner of the Lottery, and a Justice of the Peace for Westminster. But this did not satisfy his ambition; and having formed a connection with Dr. Boulter, who became primate of Ireland, he removed to that country, gained considerable preferment, and was elected a member of parliament in Ireland.

On the death of his patron, he returned to England in 1748, with a fortue equal to his moderate wishes; but soon after, a stroke of the palsy brought him to the grave, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Of his poetry, a few pieces are exquisite. Concerning the man we know little; and certainly nothing to his discredit.

TO THE HONOURABLE

## MISS CARTERET.

Bloom of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace!
By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in fresh attire,
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:
Yet, another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,

Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
In each finish'd feature glow,
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute, to save or kill
Fond beholders, at thy will.
Then the taper-moulded waste
With a span of ribbon brac'd,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desperate face,
These alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
These, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart shall praise.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day:
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing;
And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow;
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow;
And the hazely lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly;
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red;
And the witching smiles which break
Round these lips, which sweetly speak;
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind;

These endowments, heavenly dower!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee.

## FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

IN THE YEAR 1703.

From Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars:
The Belgick lion in full fury roars.
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast:
O, Marlborough, come! fresh laurels for thee rise!
One conquest more: and Gallia will grow wise.
Old Lewis makes his last effort in arms,
And shows how, even in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I haunt,
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life:
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife
Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myself, accountable to none;

I sleep, I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;
I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I please: thus, every hour
Gives some new proof of my despotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reason bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.
But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
And silver stars, your towering genius please:
Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.
Go on, and prosper, Sir: but first for me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honest; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your stubborn soul recoils
At baseness; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature some submissive tempers have;
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
Go on, and prosper, Sir; but learn to hide
Your upright spirit: 't will be construed pride.
The splendour of a court is all a cheat;
You must be servile, ere you can be great.
Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur blasted
You may perhaps retire in discontent,
And curse your patron, for no strange event:
The patron will his innocence protest,
And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest.
Man, only for himself, can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to every rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground.

Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues,
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late he liv'd in vain.

## TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

COPENHAGEN, MARCH 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads.
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear.
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

# AN HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

## A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Bless'd as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

# TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

## ON HIS DISTREST MOTHER.

ANONYMOUS, FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

Long have the writers of this warlike age
With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;
That scarce one hero dares demand applause,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
As if, like swans, they only could delight
With dying strains, and while they please affright.
Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare:
His decent scene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no sighs our ears.
While he from nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.
Oft' as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage possest,
Now soothes, now animates, each maiden breast.
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Despair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Orestes, to distract his mind.
From first to last alternate passions reign;
And we resist the Poet's will in vain.

# HAMILTON.

FEW particulars of this ingenious poet and elegant gentleman have been transmitted by his cotemporaries to posterity.

William Hamilton was the second son of a gentleman of opulent fortune and honourable connections; and was born at Bangour, in Ayreshire, the family residence, in 1704. He received all the advantages of a liberal education; and being intended for no particular profession, his taste, like his studies, were unconfined; but a genius for poetry discovered itself at a very early age, and this he improved by classical learning, and an intimate knowledge of men and manners.

During the prime of his life he seems to have divided his time between the occupations of literature, the amusements of poetry, and the gaieties of polished society, in which he shone with peculiar lustre.

The latter part of his days was clouded with misfortune. Both education and attachments had formed him a Jacobite; and in an evil hour, he joined the standard of the Pretender in 1745.

He celebrated the success of his party at Preston-Pans, in a beautiful "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuire;" but this was the only occasion he found for triumph and exultation. Next year the Jacobites were crushed; and he was obliged to wander about in the Highlands, for some time, exposed to the greatest dangers and inconveniences, till at last he found means to escape to France.

Hamilton resided on the continent for several years, unconnected with party, and devoting his time to the

ingenuous muse. At length, having made his peace with government, he returned to Scotland to take possession of the family estate, which had devolved to him by the death of his elder brother. His constitution having been always delicate, the severity of his native climate did not agree with him, and he returned to the continent, where he died at Lyons, in 1754. His corpse was brought to Scotland, and interred in the abbey church of Holyroodhouse.

Hamilton had been twice married, and left an only son to inherit his estate. He seems to have possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree, and to have been highly respected among his friends. As a poet, "The Triumph of Love," "The Braes of Yarrow," and some of his adapted translations of Horace, bespeak the delicacy of his taste, and the force of his genius.

# CONTEMPLATION: OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

——— Rursusque resurgens
Saevit amor.——— VIRG. ÆN. 4.

O VOICE divine, whose heavenly strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumult'ous rage,
Can strike the dagger from despair,
And shut the watchful eye of care.
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
Expell'd by thee, and dispossest
Envy forsakes the human breast,
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heaven aspires;
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Through the long deep'ning solemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To silence trust some plaintive tale,
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose;
Or where some holy aged oak,
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,
From the high rock's aërial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream;
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all-prevailing good.
Go forth invok'd, O voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine;
Go search each solitude around,
Where Contemplation may be found,

Where'er apart the goddess stands
With lifted eyes and heaven-rais'd hands;
If rear'd on speculation's hill
Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill
Of far transporting nature's scene,
Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;
Or if with measur'd step she go
Where meditation spreads below,
In hollow vale her ample store,
'Till weary fancy can no more;
Or inward if she turn her gaze,
And all th' internal world surveys;
With joy complacent sees succeed
In fair array, each comely deed;
She hears alone thy lofty strain,
All other music charms in vain;
In vain the sprightly notes resound,
That from the fretted roofs rebound,
When the deft minstrelsy advance
To form the quaint and orbed dance;
In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
She hearkens only to thy lore.
Then bring the lonely nymph along,
Obsequious to thy magic song;
Bid her, to bless the secret bow'r
And heighten wisdom's solemn hour.
Bring faith, endu'd with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to distant skies;
Bland hope, that makes each sorrow less,
Still smiling calm amidst distress;
And bring the meek-ey'd charity,
Not least, though youngest of the three;
Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light,
Darts quick across the mental night,
And add warm friendship to the train,
Social, yielding, and humane;
With silence, sober suited maid,
Seldom on this earth survey'd:
Bid in this sacred band appear,
That aged venerable seer,
With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,
Of pleasing yet dejected air,

Him, heavenly melancholy hight,
Who flies the sons of false delight,
Now looks serene through human life,
Sees end in peace the moral strife,
Now to the dazzling prospect blind,
Trembles for heaven and for his kind,
And doubting much, still hoping best,
Late with submission finds his rest:
And by his side advance the dame
All glowing with celestial flame,
Devotion, high above that soars,
And sings exulting, and adores,
Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze,
And triumph 'midst the seraph's blaze:
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd
The decent nun fair peace of mind,
Whom innocence ne'er yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy shade:
Resign'd, contented, meek and mild
Of blameless mother, blameless child.
But from these woods, O thou retire!
Hood-wink't superstition dire;
Zeal that clanks her iron bands,
And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;
Far hence hypocrisy away,
With pious semblance to betray,
Whose angel outside fair contains
A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;
Ambition mad, that stems alone
The boisterous surge, with bladders blown;
Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;
And malice pale of famish'd face;
Loud-tongu'd clamour, get thee far
Hence, to wrangle at the bar;
With opening mouths vain rumour hung;
And falsehood with her serpent tongue;
Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,
And hissing envy's snaky tire;
With jealousy, the fiend most fell,
Who bears about his inmate hell;
Now far apart, with haggard mien,
To lone suspicion list'ning seen,

Now in a gloomy band appears
Of sallow doubts and pale-ey'd fears,
Whom dire remorse, of giant kind,
Pursues with scorpion lash behind;
And thou, self-love, who tak'st from earth,
With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,
Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,
The social smile, the tear humane;
Thy self thy sole intemperate guest,
Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,
As if heaven's universal heir
'Twas thine to seize and not to share:
With these away, base wretch accurst,
By pride begot, by madness nurst,
Impiety! of harden'd mind,
Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,
Unmov'd amidst this mighty all,
Deaf to the universal call:
In vain above the systems glow,
In vain earth spreads her charms below,
Confiding in himself to rise,
He hurls defiance to the skies,
And steel'd in dire and impious deeds
Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.
But chiefly love, love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy;
'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r,
Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,
Fickle and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of reason beams,
And sober contemplation's ear
Disdains thy syren song to hear;
Speed thee on changeful wings away,
To where thy willing slaves obey,
Go herd amongst thy wonted train,
The false, th' inconstant, lewd, and vain
Thou hast no subject here; begone,
Contemplation comes anon.
Above, below, and all around,
Now nought but awful quiet's found,
The feeling air forgets to move,
No zephyr stirs the leafy grove;

The gentlest murmur of the rill,
Struck by the potent charm is still,
Each passion in this troubled breast
So toiling once lies hush'd to rest,
Whate'er man's bustling race employs,
His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,
Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame;
Each nothing of importance name;
Ye tyrants of this restless ball,
This grove annihilates you all.
Oh power unseen, yet felt, appear!
Sure something more than nature's here.
Now on the flow'ring turf I lie,
My soul conversing with the sky.
Far lost in the bewildering dream
I wander o'er each lofty theme;
Tour on inquiry's wings on high,
And soar the heights of deity:
Fain would I search the perfect laws
That constant bind th' unerring cause;
Why all its children, born to share
Alike a father's equal care:
Some weep by partial fate undone,
The ravish'd portion of a son;
Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,
Heeds not his suff'ring brother's woes;
The good, their virtues all forgot,
Mourn, need severe, their destin'd lot;
While vice, invited by the great,
Feasts under canopies of state.
Ah! when we see the bad preferr'd,
Was it eternal justice err'd?
Or when the good could not prevail,
How could almighty prowess fail?
When underneath the oppressor's blow
Afflicted innocence lies low,
Has not th' All-seeing eye beheld?
Or has a stronger arm repell'd?
When death dissolves this brittle frame,
Lies ever quench'd the soul's bright flame?
Or shall th' ethereal breath of day
Relume once more this living ray?

From life escape we all in vain?
Heaven finds its creature out again,
Again its captive to control,
And drive him to another goal.
When time shall let his curtain fall,
Must dreary nothing swallow all?
Must we the unfinish'd piece deplore,
E'er half the pompous piece be o'er?
In his all-comprehensive mind,
Shall not th' almighty poet find
Some reconciling turn of fate
To make his wondrous work complete;
To finish fair his mingled plan,
And justify his ways to man?
But who shall draw these veils that lie
Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye?
Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,
Thine to submit and to adore
Learn then: Into thyself descend,
To know thy being's use and end,
For thee what nature's kind intent,
Or on what fatal journey bent.
Is mean self-love the only guide?
Must all be sacrific'd to pride?
What sacred fountains then supply
The feeling heart and melting eye?
Why does the pleading look disarm
The hand of rage with slaughter warm?
Or in the battle's generous strife,
Does Britain quell the lust of life?
Next the bold inquiry tries,
To trace our various passions rise;
This moment hope exalts the breast,
The next it sinks by fear deprest;
Now fierce the storms of wrath begin,
Now all is holy calm within.
What strike's ambition's stubborn springs,
What move's compassion's softer strings,
How we in constant friendships join,
How in constant hates combine;
How nature, for her favourite, man,
Unfolds the wonders of her plan;

How fond to treat her chosen guest
Provides for every sense a feast;
Gives to the wide excursive eye
The radiant glories of the sky;
Or bids each odorous bloom exhale
His soul t' enrich the balmy gale;
Or pour upon th' enchanted ear
The music of th' op'ning year;
Or bids the limpid fountain burst,
Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;
What arts the beauteous dame employs
To lead us on to genial joys,
When in her specious work we join
To propagate her fair design,
The virgin-face divine appears
In bloom of youth and prime of years,
And e'er the destin'd heart's aware
Fixes Monimia's image there.
Ah me! what helpless have I said?
Unhappy by myself betray'd!
I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain;
For when I fixt my musing thought,
Far on solemn views remote;
When wand'ring in the uncertain round
Of mazy doubt, no end I found;
O my unblest and erring feet!
What most I sought to shun, ye meet.
Come then my serious maid again:
Come and try another strain;
Come and nature's dome explore,
Where dwells retir'd the matron hoar;
There her wondrous works survey,
And drive th' intruder love away.
'Tis done. Ascending heaven's height
Contemplation take thy flight:
Behold the sun, through heaven's wide space
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the moon, exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry train,
Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain.

See where the snows their treasures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
Where the collected rains abide
'Till heav'n set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of show'r:
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where the thunder springs his mine;
Where the paths of lightning shine.
Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,
From heav'n descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flowers exalt the head,
Mark how nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green;
Or spreads the tulips parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,
Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.
Ah! haunting spirit art thou there!
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.
I thought, O love! thou wouldst disdain
To mix with wisdom's black stay'd train;
But when my curious searching look,
A nice survey of nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untry'd
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendship's sacred force apply
That source of tenderness and joy;
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains, two sister minds:

Not such as servile int'rests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
'Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulness have try'd;
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may stray,
Through study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind,
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.
Here, here again! how just my fear
Love ever finds admittance here;
The cruel spright, intent on harm,
Has quite dissolv'd the feeble charm;
Assuming friendship's saintly guise,
Hast past the cheated sentry's eyes,
And once attained his hellish end,
Displays the undissembled fiend.
O say! my faithful fair ally,
How did'st thou let the traitor by?
I from the desart bade thee come,*
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home.

* Numbers, ch. 23.

More to sublime my solemn hour,
And curse this demon's fatal pow'r;
Lo! by superior force oppress,
Thou these three several times hast blest.
Shall we the magic rites pursue,
When love is mightier far than thou?
Yes come, in blest enchantment skill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er devotion lies reclin'd;
Thou her fair friend, by heaven's decree,
Art one with her, and she with thee.
Devotion come with sober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapt in the vision of the sky,
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my heav'n-aspiring muse;
Teach me to scorn, by thee refin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure then to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.
O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treach'rous felon out.
Now see the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair,
To the solemn house of prayer.
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of heav'n:——for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise.
Ye angels, swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony,
The ear of him who sits on high.

Grant me, propitious heav'nly pow'r,
Whose love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on earth to share,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r;
Lest I forget, exalted proud,
The hand supreme that gave the good;
Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,
And I put forth my hand and steal;
But if thy sov'reign will shall grant,
The wealth I neither ask nor want;
May I the widow's need supply,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;
May the weary wanderer's feet,
From me a blest reception meet!
But if contempt and low estate
Be the assignment of my fate,
O! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of vice.
And bounteous O! vouchsafe to clear
The errors of a mind sincere.
Illumine thou my searching mind,
Groping after truth and blind.
With stores of science be it fraught
That bards have dream'd, or sages taught;
And chief the heav'n-born strain impart,
A muse according to thy heart;
That wrapt in sacred ecstasy,
I may sing, and sing of thee;
Mankind instructing in thy laws,
Blest poet in fair virtue's cause,
Her former merit to restore,
And make mankind again adore.
As when conversant with the great,
She fixt in palaces her seat.
Before her all-revealing ray,
Each sordid passion should decay:
Ambition shuns the dreaded dame,
And * pales his ineffectual flame;
Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
And offers all his sums of gold;

* See Hamlet.

* She in her chariot seen to ride,
A noble train attend her side:
A cherub first, in prime of years,
The champion fortitude appears;
Next temp'rance sober mistress seen,
With look compos'd and cheerful mien;
Calm patience still victorious found,
With never fading glories crown'd,
Firm justice last the balance rears,
The good man's praise, the bad man's fears;
While chief in beauty as in place
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia still! here once again!
O! fatal name. Oh! dubious strain!
Say, heav'n born virtue, pow'r divine,
Are all these various movements thine?
Was it thy triumphs, sole inspir'd
My soul to holy transports fir'd?
Or say do springs less sacred move?
Ah! much I fear, it's human love.
Alas! the noble strife is o'er,
The blissful visions charm no more;
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding pow'r to fly,
Though grace was dawning on my soul,
Possest by heav'n sincere and whole,
Yet still in fancy's painted cells
The soul-inflaming image dwells.
Why didst thou, cruel love, again
Thus drag me back, to earth and pain?
Well hop'd I, love, thou would'st retire
Before the blest Jessean lyre.
Devotion's harp would charm to rest,
The evil spirit in my breast;
But the deaf adder fell disdains,
Unlist'ning to the chanter's strains.
Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?

* See Characteristics, Vol. II. page 252.

Helpless and weary must thou yield
To love supreme in ev'ry field?
Let melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend hoary mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away:
And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.
Haste thee, silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sy.il, lead,
Through the dominions of the dead:
Where care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious want, no more
Shiv'ring begs at grandeur's door;
Unconscious grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And see a tomb, it's gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants! that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?
And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man thou seek'st to know,
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.
O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.—

Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love dost thou tempt again? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bow'r and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair:
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of human kind!
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
Hop'd I for these thou would'st remove?
How near akin is grief to love!
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains: O heav'n! thy will be done.
The best physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
In full satiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,
Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The tyrant's love commands unblest;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form belov'd shall ever fly.
The tyranny of love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

WITH THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 1726.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
Thine be the friends, and thine the poet's praise.
The muse that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.
Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires;
Delighted read of ardor, sighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.
With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase admir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.
Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy, and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;

Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains;
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content;
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost,
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Se luc'd from innocence incautious hearts;
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed:
Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.
O Happiness! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'st thou ill pleas'd, the commerce of mankind?

O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where with thy sire content thou lov'st to dwell.
Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an ev'ning walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In S——'s wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell;
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at anothers state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!
Bold in thy presence bashful sense appears,
And backward merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,

Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart!
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart.)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of future days.
Meanwhile pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years.
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

## O D E.

### TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid!
In thy night drawn car convey'd,
O'er the green earth, and wide spread main,
A thousand shadows in thy train,
A vary'd air-embody'd host,
To don what shapes thou pleasest most;
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings
Around the destin'd couch of kings;
Nor in rebellion's ghastly size
A dire gigantic spectre rise:
Cease, for awhile, in rooms of state
To damp the slumbers of the great;
In merit's lean look'd form t' appear,
And holla traitor in their ear:

Or freedom's holier garb bely,
While justice grinds her axe fast by:
Nor o'er the miser's eye-lids pour
The unrefreshing golden show'r;
Whilst keen th' unreal bliss to feel,
His breast bedews the ruffian steel.

With these, (when next thou tak'st thy round)
The thoughts of guilty pride confound:
These swell the horrors and affright
Of conscience, keen condemning night.
For this (nor gracious pow'r! repine)
A gentler ministry be thine:
Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,
Or lover's hope enliven'd dream.
Monimia's mildest form assume;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom:
Unfold her eyes unblemish'd rays,
That melt to virtue as we gaze;
That envy's guiltiest wish disarm,
And view benign a kindred charm:
Call all the graces from thy store,
'Till thy creative power be o'er;
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,
And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is giv'n; the spells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of still repose
Pregnant with some new wonder grows:
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise;
Slow in Monimia's form, along
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch proceeds,
In a gown of stainless lawn,
O'er each manly shoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,
The boy that wears her flowing train?
Behind his back a quiver flung;
A bended bow across is hung;

His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold.
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires.
And thou, of love deceitful child!
With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,
Fantastic by thyself, and vain,
But seemly seen in Hymen's train;
If fate be to my wishes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd;
But if the fates my wish deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.
The spell works on: yet stop the day
While in the house of sleep I stay.
About me swells the sudden grove,
The woven arbourette of love;
Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than nature plants around.
Fancy, prolong the kind repose;
Still, still th' enchanting vision glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now sink transported in her arms.
Oh sacred energy divine!
All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.
Hail! copious source of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-ey'd peace are friends:
Closer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the rose empurpl'd show'r:
The mystic joy impatient flies
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.
Unenvy'd let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel fate,
Indulging here, in bliss supreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
For see! she glides, she glides away.
O Fancy! why didst thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of joy,
To turn to forsake me all alone,
To mourn the fond delusion gone?

O! back again, benign, restore
The pictur'd vision as before.
Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my visionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantastic, wing your flight,
T' adorn the dream of false delight?
But now, seen in Monimia's air,
Can you assume a form less fair,
Some idle beauty's wish supply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this live-long night,
Let charms detain the rising light;
For this one night my liv'ries wear,
And I absolve thee for the year.
What time your poppy-crowned God
Sends his truth telling scouts abroad,
Ere yet the cock to mattins rings,
And the lark with mounting wings,
The simple village-swain has warn'd
To shake off sleep, by labour earn'd;
Or on the rose's silken hem,
Aurora weeps her earliest gem;
Or, beneath the op'ning dawn,
Smiles the fair-extended lawn.
When in the soft encircled shade
Ye find reclin'd the gentle maid,
Each busy motion laid to rest,
And all compos'd her peaceful breast:
Swift paint the fair internal scene,
The phantom labours of your reign;
The living imag'ry adorn
With all the limnings of the morn;
With all the treasures nature keeps
Conceal'd below the foaming deeps;
Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,
That covers the green mountain's side,
Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale
In the wide embosom'd vale.

Let pow'rful music too essay
The magic of her hidden lay:
While each harsh thought away shall fly
Down the full stream of harmony,
Compassion mild shall fill their place,
Each gentle minister of grace;
Pity, that often melts to love,
Let weeping pity kind improve,
The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take
What'er impressions love shall make.
Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,
When hate, when anger have no power;
When sighing love, mild simple boy,
Courtship sweet, and tender joy,
Alone possess the fair one's heart;
Let me then, fancy, bear my part.
Oh! Goddess how I long t' appear;
The hour of dear success draws near:
See where the crowding shadows wait;
Haste and unfold the ivʼry gate;
Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
Come in my anxious look array'd;
Come love, come Hymen, at my pray'r,
Led by blythe hope, ye decent pair,
By mutual confidence combin'd,
As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.
Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears,
Fill my breast with heart born fears,
Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd,
Part look'd, and only wish'd the rest;
Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,
Suffering much, how much I love;
Make the muses lyre complain,
Strung by me in warbled strain;
Let the melodious numbers flow
Powerful of a lover's woe,
Till, by the tender Orphean art,
I through her ear shall gain her heart.
Now fancy, now the fit is o'er:
I feel my sorrows vex no more:
But when condemn'd again to mourn,
Fancy, to my aid return.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

TO LADY JANE HOME.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH MANNER.

*A.* Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
*A.* I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep my bony bony bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flowry bands thou him didst fetter,
Though he was fair and weil belov'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

*C.* How can I busk a bony bony bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me,
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands methinks are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lie all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

*A.* Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

# COLLINS.

The retainers of the Muses are seldom happy, yet the Heliconean maids are never in want of votaries. William Collins who exemplifies our remark, was born at Chichester, in Sussex, 1721. His father was a hatter, and Alderman of that city. Having received the rudiments of classical learning in his native place, he was removed to Winchester school, where he continued seven years; but being disappointed in a vacancy at New College, Oxford, he entered a commoner of Queen's, and afterwards became a Demy of Magdalen, where he took a bachelor's degree.

At the university he was equally remarkable for genius and indolence. Weary of an academical life, he fancied that he should be more in his element in London, to which he repaired full of literary enthusiasm, but with little fortune. His "Persian or Oriental Eclogues," published while at Oxford, had met with little success; and when his "Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical," appeared in 1746, they were at first very coldly received, and both the bookseller and the poet being disappointed, the latter in a fit of indignation paid the expense of printing, and committed the unsold copies to the flames.

Time, however, which distinguishes between works of merit and those which are merely popular, has reversed the sentence of the public, and the odes of Collins will ever remain a monument of his own genius, and an honour to English poetry to the latest posterity.

Chagrined at his ill success, and alas! often destitute of common necessaries, the susceptible mind of Collins began to give way; and though a legacy of 2000l. relieved him from the most pressing external distresses, it came too late to brighten the mental horizon. He fell into great debility of body, which enchained rather than destroyed his intellectual powers.

"He was a man," says Johnson, "of extensive lite-

rature and vigorous faculties. His morals were pure, and his opinions pious. In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long association with festuitous companions, will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted; that his principles were never shaken; that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded; and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse, by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him. There was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school. When his friend took it into his hand to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

Mr. Anderson agrees with Warton, Knox, and Potter in giving Collins a much higher rank as a Poet than Johnson; and allows, that when every possible deduction is made from his merit, he will still stand entitled to a very large proportion of praise; and his *Ode on the Passions* must ever be joined with the "St. Cecilia" of Dryden, and the "Bard" of Gray, as among the boldest and brightest efforts of the lyric muse.

## ECLOGUE I.

## SELIM; OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene *a Valley near Bagdat.* Time, *the Morning.*

YE Persian maids attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days,
Not all are blest whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.
When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.
Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:

Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With truth she wended in the secret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters blest their love.
O haste, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train sweet modesty appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen,
With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift faulcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding meekness with her downcast eyes,
And friendly pity full of tender sighs;
And love the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.
Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains the virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bliss'd his song.

## ECLOGUE II.

## HASSAN; OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Scene, *the Desert.* Time, *Mid-day.*

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The Driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was th' hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!

The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O cease, my fears!"—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said:

" Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
" Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."
O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

## ECLOGUE III.

## ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene, *a Forest.* Time, *the Evening.*

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emrya sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the sacred shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
*Gay-modey'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violate blue that on the moss-bank grows;

* That these flowers are found in great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove:
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plain with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

## ECLOGUE IV.

## AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, *a Mountain in Circassia.* Time, *Midnight.*

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

*Secander.*

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!

And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

*Agib.*

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind.
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

*Secander.*

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind,
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

*Agib.*

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids, and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

*Secander.*

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

*Agib.*

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurst in scenes of woe.
He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

## ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While vengeance in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

## EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full muse addrest her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard* who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen†
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy with'ring power inspir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

* Æschylus. † Jocasta.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths has past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy rape and murder dwell?
Or in some hollow seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,

Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

## ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one unrivall'd fair,*
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main, engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, the rich hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born;
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sate ecstatic wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
Where is the bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread,
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh sphered in heaven its native strains could hear

On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

## AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

## ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears the simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

## ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,

By warlike honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

## THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd;
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die!

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where science prank'd in tissued vest,
By reason, pride, and fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, observance more invite!
O thou who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And with her mingled sons ally'd,
Throw'st the prattling page aside:
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!

Till meddling art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless manners round her rise;
While ever varying as they pass,
To some contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maid combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side!
By old Miletus * who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song:
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades:
By him,† whose knight's distinguish'd name,
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales ev'n now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat:
Or him,‡ whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,

* Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.
† Cervantes.
* Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1715.

Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy scene full world with thee!

## THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.
First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue!
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunters call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viney crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

*Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

## O D E.

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The years best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poets sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads * assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

# DYER.

JOHN DYER was born in 1700, at Aberglasney in Caermarthenshire, where his father, a man of property and professional talents, as a lawyer, resided. He was the second son; and being sent to Westminster-school, continued there, till he was articled to his father, who dying soon after, and Dyer being averse to the study of law, and attached to painting, put himself under the direction of Richardson, a man of eminence, but better known by his writings than his pictures.

He afterwards became an itinerant painter in the principality, and mingling poetry with the sister art, produced "Grongar Hill," the most popular of all his compositions.

Dyer afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement, where he conceived the idea of his "Ruins of Rome," which was published in 1740. Ill health, and probably the want of success as a painter, determined him to take orders; and having married a Miss Enser of Warwickshire, he obtained the living of Coningsby in Leicestershire, where he settled. He afterwards procured one or two other small pieces of preferment, but never any thing of consequence.

His "Fleece," the largest and most elaborate of his poems, and on which he seems to have prided himself the most, appeared in 1757. It was coldly received, and has never excited that attention which its real merits deserve.*

* A literary friend of the Editor has it in contemplation to publish an elegant edition of this poem, with georgical notes, illustrations, and plates.

The author died soon after, in the 58th year of his age, lamented by his friends, for the sweetness of his disposition, and respected by the world, as a man of superior endowments. He lived in habits of intimacy with the most celebrated literary characters of his day, and carried on a correspondence with others, which shews him in a very amiable point of view.

As a poet, Dyer ranks high among those who have attempted description, and he has the art of impressing morals as well as of delineating objects. "Grongar Hill," though not without imperfections, possesses many beauties; and may be considered as a landscape painted with words instead of colours. Had he written nothing else, he would have been enrolled among the British poets; but his "Ruins of Rome" and his "Fleece," in spite of public neglect, justly entitle him to the highest praise.

"The care of sheep, the labors of the loom," are of universal concern to Britons, and are one day likely to augment the fame of Dyer.

Notwithstanding the general neglect of "The Fleece," or what Johnson has said of the woolcomber and the poet appearing such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the serpent with the lark*, he confesses he has been told, that Akenside, who, upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard, said, that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the sale of Dyer's Fleece; for if that were ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence.

## GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
In the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar in whose silent shade,
For the modest muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;

Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldering walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's-day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;

As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

## THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning's fair, the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.
I am resolv'd this charming day,
In the open field to stray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does nature show!
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow:
A landskip wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowerets glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-suckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by;
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply:

Happy swain, sure happier far,
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.
The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade the groves bestow;
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n silence with her lays.
O powerful Silence, how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo stays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!

When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.
I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees:
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree:
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazines before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sun beams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes,

* A hill in South Wales.

Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade of fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds to interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To * Abergasney I descend.
But, oh! how bless'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

* The name of a seat belonging to the Author's brother.

## TO MR. SAVAGE.

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

Sink not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
Because the body wants a glittering dress.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy see,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers:—In that name how would'st thou shine?
Thy verse, how sweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics, and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou hast nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greatest fault to be severe.
A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause,
Who, with felt pleasure, see fair virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more, the more deprest.
Thee, Savage, thee (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancie's fire!
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic but a willing friend.

## AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

Have my friends in the town, in the gay busy town
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter,—content in the shades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body descends to the grave,
And the spirit arises to heaven.

# SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone, one of our most popular and pleasing poets, was born at Hales Owen in Shropshire, 1714. His father, a plain uneducated country gentleman, occupied his own farm; and finding his son discover a taste for learning, even in his infancy, did not check his predilection for books, though it is probable he saw little utility in such pursuits.

Shenstone's "School Mistress," is a grateful and elegant delineation of the old dame, who first taught him to read. Such was the delight he took in books, that it is recorded, while yet a child he was constantly importuning his fond mother to bring him something new; and when she could not gratify his desires of a book, she placed a piece of wood painted book-fashion under his pillow in order to soothe him to sleep.

Becoming an orphan before he reached his twelfth year, the care of his person and his property devolved on his grandfather and grandmother, and at last on Mr Dolman of Brome, in Staffordshire, who after giving him a suitable classical education at Hales Owen, and afterwards at Solihul, entered him as a gentleman commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford. At the university, he pursued his studies with much diligence, associating chiefly with young men of a literary turn, and ranking among his particular friends, Mr. Jago and the late ingenious and excellent Mr. Graves of Claverton near Bath.

In 1737, Shenstone published some poems, anonymously, and three years after, produced his "Judgment of Hercules" which was followed at intervals by various other compositions. Our poet, about this time, having a clear patrimonial estate of 300*l* a year and upwards, then an important sum, visited London, and other public places, and enjoyed the liberal pleasures of an elegant mind. But his friend, Mr. Dolman, dying in 1745, the care of his estate fell on himself; and

he had the misfortune to be smitten with the rage of improvement. The Leasowes was converted into a poet's farm, and at length rivalled the pastoral plains of Arcadian romance. Woods, walks, sylvan deities, seats, cascades, and inscriptions, displaced the productions of Ceres, and the flocks that should have fed and clothed the proprietor. It is for ever to be regretted that his fortune was not equal to his taste. He dissipated his estate in adorning it; and though it still continues one of the most beautiful fermès ornèes in the kingdom, it involved him in debts, which disturbed his peace, and probably shortened his days. He died in 1763, and was buried in Hales Owen Churchyard. The sensibility of Shenstone and his delicate and refined feelings are conspicuous in every page of his writings. As a pastoral and classic poet, he remains unrivalled; and had his fortune been equal to his benevolence, he would probably have been, what he deserved to be, as happy as he was amiable.

Rejecting the unjust severity of Johnson, and the fastidious disdain of Gray, I shall adopt the opinions of Graves and Dodsley, both men of candour, liberality and judgment. They assert, in the language of affection, sanctioned by experience, that he was the warmest and most affectionate friend, and never an inveterate enemy; that nothing could be more amiable than his social, or more unexceptionable than his moral character. And Mr. Anderson, agreeably to the honorable practice of his character, has, in his valuable, though voluminous edition of the whole of the British Poets, thus tenderly defended him from the censure incurred by converting his farm into pleasure grounds. "If he chose to resign emolument for the charms of ease and independence, he had a right to employ his own patrimony as he thought proper." More especially as he was unconnected by any ties; which, had they subsisted, might, and no doubt would, have operated on his good heart, in full force to have allowed their claims.

# ELEGY.

## *Ophelia's Urn.*

TO MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fears survey'd!
What shrouded spectres superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn recliu'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd;
"Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace for the muse in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

## ELEGY.

*He describes his vision to an acquaintance.*

"Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.

VIRG.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the sun vanish'd, like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breath'd his native air;
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither would'st thou stray?
Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour share;
Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone:
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! said I, nor power I seek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wintery wind:
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due:
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'st blazing forth; disdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass through favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!---
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

# ELEGY.

*He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over.*

TO MR. JAGO.

Ah me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shown the whole that fortune can supply;
Since, not the miser so caress'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart,
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture and the living stone:
"Though gold, though splendor, heaven and fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express my planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! inchanting state, profusely blest!
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintery tracks of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey: that covers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

# ELEGY.

*To a friend, on some slight occasion estrang'd from him.*

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern fate his ebon wand display;
And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
"To let suspicion intermix a fear."

## ELEGY.

*He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.*

When genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,
When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendor's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely through the chequer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely, still she bore;
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain; she pillag'd every grove!
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

Hear me, dear youth! oh hear a hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam?
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See through these veins the sapphire current shine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine?
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mock'd the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
Our sacred race; through demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My godlike boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My sire's dread fury murmurs through the sky;
And should I yield—his instant rage appears;
He darts th' uplifted vengeance, and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:
'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye,
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase!
Till, on a sudden, these with held their light—
All, all things envy thy sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain:
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

## ELEGY.

*Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy events of a licentious amour.*

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye!
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell;
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth, the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precepts from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!

## ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time;
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume thy beauties not their own!

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleas'd in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

## ODE TO HEALTH.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to share thy power,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hand I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes,
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind shall soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And blest with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell;

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room shall memory stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene:
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

## THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
"Prima fugit———" VIRG.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell:
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

## SONG.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faultering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

## SONG.

### THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

## SONG.

THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## SONG.

"Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
"Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem."

On every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain!
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes fix'd death-like and intent,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair
Might claim awhile my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

## SONG.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is given; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

## SONG.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

## SONG.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue,
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew:
The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

### I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown.
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart:
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace, wherever I go.

### II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than thy cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

### III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

Oh you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping and listen the while;
Nay, on him let Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

Then the lilly no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

### IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure;
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

## THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

### A BALLAD.

'Twas in a land of learning,
The muses' favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
  Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
  And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,
  He constantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening song,
  His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
  On which we poets pride us;
And would make no more
Of king Arthur's,* by the score
  Than all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,
  He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea:
  And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
  Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
  Of logic—to compose him—

A trap in haste and anger,
  Was bought you need not doubt on 't;
And, such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
  He could not, I think get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,
  The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat
  Mind books, when he has other diet.

* By Blackmore.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the slight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together:

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which, though so trim
It now may seem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a skull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
Since traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let sophs by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d' ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir:
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

## WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLY.

To thee, fair freedom! I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

## THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?

There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower:
The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines!
'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
Then passion riots, reason then contends;
And, on the conquest, every bliss depends:
Life from the nice decision takes its hue:
And blest those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend:
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.
There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Nor virtues foes, though they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, though with her friends they join,
In her's or vice's casual road advance
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While passions lawless tides, at their command,
Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.
Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers;
Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flowers.
The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
The fittest to adorn each art she brings:
Lov'd, by that prince whom every virtue fires,
Prais'd by that bard whom every muse inspires:
Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame:
'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd;

Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys:
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possest,
Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd;
Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
The silver flood that in meanders led
His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,
In vain! while distant on a summit rais'd,
Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze
The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.
At once, before his wondering eyes were seen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien
Various their charms; and in their dress and face,
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Show'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
Severely sweet and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less:
She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.

Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while distant; but, when near she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam,
That glittering quiver's o'er a distant stream;
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd;
A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.
Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace;
Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to other charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd:
And if on other's eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien;
Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.

Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the swain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes:
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine;
For me the nymph diversifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower;
To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains,
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boasted prize:
Where, though she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign.
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest!
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains:
Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow;
And spicy gums round every bosom glow.

Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At Sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim;
In vain! for Pleasure is my real name;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:
For well each opening scene, that claims my care,
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.
Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay;
Some charming treasure every wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
Art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise;
The spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.
When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
Or in th' Ionian dance, some favourite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on virtue's visionary charms;
Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?
O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.

She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments years, like moments, flew:
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!
See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid:
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition seeks more humble joys than love!
There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prunes her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
To show where best the clustering gems are seen;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse;
Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure! suit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wise, and all the grave agree
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.
But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
The shell she scatters with more careless air,
And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair,

The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonise their gales,
For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
Till lost in bliss thou breath'st thy soul away:
Till she t' Elysian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."
She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul:
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
Yet, sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,
And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
For the soft reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
Though no gay rose or flowery product shine,
The barren surface still conceals the mine.

Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In virtues path, superior sweets bestows—
Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
Whence could fond sloth the flattering gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I through each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd;
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree
Without the firm supports of industry.
But grant we sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile val should virtue cease,
Nor mossy grots, nor flowery lawns could please;
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonous, or the spicy gale.
Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
The form thou view'st, to every scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd;
And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!
Nor I alone to such extend my care:
Fair-blooming health surveys her altars there.
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.

One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.
But health averse from sloth's smooth region flies;
And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:
Till joyless indolence suggests desires;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.
But let fair health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And, while no check th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame;
His sweetest music is the voice of fame;
Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.
See fame's gay structure from yon summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise
From grovelling vales to towers which reach the skies.
Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shown;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.

That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.
'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor heaven, its showers without a sacrifice.
See far below such grovelling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage,
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;
And, if she linger, impotently wise!
A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,
Elysian plants, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
Theirs is the present who can praise the past.
Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and sate from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.
For health on age, 'tis temperance must bestow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful towers,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's faultering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.
Let generous toils with health reward thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternise thy praise.
The bold exploits that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple were it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join;
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness perhaps, through want of sight, may blame,
And spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:

Contempt and envy were by fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine every friend it suits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,
Lov'd by the good their images below."
Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!
My guide! my queen! th' ecastic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.
And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!
Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unsubdued;
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;
When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame!
He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.

Fantastic power! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd:
Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.
Her brightening form and features seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sickening splendour fades away.

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## THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on *this occasion*, are his *language*, his *simplicity*, his manner of *description*, and a peculiar *tenderness* of *sentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So I have seen (who has not, may conceive),
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gamboles do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:

And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown:
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greates wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act, as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb:
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rose marine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn;
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it erks me whilst I write!
As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
If gentle pardon could with dames agree,
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his locks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

* Spenser.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks, with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellows' hateful wounds beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;
This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;
And eke with sobs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its dropping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems its shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her havioir past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit;

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n new sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancelor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout, and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours,
In knightly castles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full-sore the unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-brie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names * th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

## ON A TABLET AGAINST A ROOT-HOUSE.

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life:
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound;
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

## ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC SEAT.

Shepherd, would'st thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows;
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.

" Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
" But beneath them lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flowery is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

" Think not she, whose empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride,
" Think not she, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

" Artless deed and simple dress
" Mark the chosen shepherdess;
" Thoughts by decency control'd,
" Well conceiv'd and freely told.

" Sense that shuns each conscious air,
" Wit, that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to sigh
" If her kid or lambkin die.

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from such charms aside;
" Have not those their proper sphere?
" Gentler passions triumph here.

" See to sweeten thy repose,
" The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
" Low to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

" Seek no more—the rest is vain;
" Pleasure ending soon in pain:
" Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
" Close thy wish and seek no more."

## ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

O you that bathe in courtly blysse
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not too rashly deem amysse
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
Which o'er each carelesse lymb he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quafls the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye cark he stray:
Or all beside some flowery lawne,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see:
For faults there beene in busye life,
From whyche these peaceful glens are free

## ON A SEAT,

*At the Bottom of a large Root, on the Side of a Slope.*

O LET me haunt this peaceful shade;
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies;
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains;
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,
Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
Thy small unsully'd stores disdain:
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine.

# AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE, whom the ancients would have celebrated as a legitimate son of Apollo, as he was distinguished both for his talents in poetry and medicine, was born of humble parentage, and first saw the light, at Newcastle on Tyne, in 1721. His family were dissenters; and giving early proofs of talents and application, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, with a view of qualifying him for the ministry. He however, soon quitted the study of divinity for medicine; and after some time spent at Edinburgh, he proceeded to Leyden in pursuit of medical knowledge, where he graduated in 1744. About this time, his immortal work, "The Pleasures of Imagination," was published; which being seen in manuscript by Pope, received no mean commendation from that illustrious poet.

Soon after Akenside returned from Leyden, he produced his first collection of odes, in one of which he stigmatizes Pulteny as the betrayer of his country. In fact, Akenside was a warm patriot, and what he felt, he expressed, regardless of rank or place.

Having attempted in vain to establish himself in professional practice at Northampton, and afterwards at Hampstead, he finally settled in London; and had the good fortune to attract the regard of Jeremiah Dyson, who with singular generosity, settled an annuity on him of 300*l.* a year, to enable him to elbow his way with more effect. In due time, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, obtained a degree at Cambridge, was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and one of the physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital. And with establishment of the Queen's Household, he had the

honour of being appointed Physician to her Majesty. Fortune and fame were rapidly pouring their gifts upon him, and he was likely to have risen to the same rank among physicians, as he had some time held among poets, when a putrid fever carried him off, in 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church of St. James's, Westminster.

Akenside was a man of religion, strict virtue, a philosopher, a scholar, and a poet. His conversation was of the most delightful kind, replete with knowledge, and enlivened by anecdote. As a didactic and lyric poet, he claims distinguished commendation. Some of his odes, indeed, are harsh; but his "Pleasures of Imagination" excite the enthusiasm they express, in every mind of taste and susceptibility. If some of his periods are too long involved, it arose more from the ardour of inspiration than the want of skill. His genius hurried him on, and he carries his reader with him by a fascination that mocks the frigid rules of criticism.

Lloyd concludes his "Ode to Genius" with the following apostrophe to Akenside:

> "And thou, blest bard! around whose sacred brow
> Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung;
> Arise and snatch the majesty of song
> From Dulness' servile tribe, and Art's unhallow'd throng."

# THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution to the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connexion of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touching the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil,
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,

She bends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony! descend
And join this festive strain? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings.
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region to detect,
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers,
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my strains begin; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy

And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man! with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To this the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read

The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the expressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;

Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burn
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? the high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing

Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens:
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travel'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things,
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth,

Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? for this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wonderous tale,
From morn till eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs: till eager for the event,

Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unremov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form

For beauty's honour'd image.' Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks; disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Triton's tune their vocal shells,
And each cerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean

This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill.
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom

Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurel'd science, and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine
Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,

Adventurous to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colours bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd,
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn: from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!

Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful raises the majestic sword

Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.
Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycèum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praise
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

## BOOK II.

The separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of the reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passion. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation: with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

When shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honours? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each muse and each fair science pin'd away
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
At last the muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Vaucluse's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating science to the cells,

Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To priestly domination, and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fixed at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore,
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts,
The muses and the graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious muse
And her persuasive sisters, then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent,
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honours to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs

Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights, which at a different hour,
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,

Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal surface on each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or shall we touch that kind excess of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Ev'n to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force,

The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
Yet more; her honours where no beauty claims
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at last what heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter shower
That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice,
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.
'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When spotless youth with solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale autumn shades the silent eve,
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,

That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appear'd before me; deserts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south;
And desolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder, tyrant power,
Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of superstition there infect the skies,
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious Heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!
Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view, till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal; there in mystic signs engrav'd,
I read his office high and sacred name,

Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.
Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?
Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, alas!
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Against the sovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
Of tenderness innate and social love,
Holiest of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then,
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!
He spoke; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his presence, though my secret soul
Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,
And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.
I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills and many a shaggy forest mix'd,
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever trickling springs

Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring rush'd the congregrated floods,
With hoarser inundation; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic show
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.
Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a steadfast ear—
Know then, the sovereign spirit of the world,
Though, self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
To spread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Straight arose
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,

In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of co-existent orders, one might rise,
One order, all involving and entire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingence, all successive ties
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid;

That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair, diffus'd
Along the shady brink; in this recess,
To wear the appointed season of his youth,
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent, forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovran Fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the sire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side
With constant steps, her gay companions stay'd
The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
They quit their youthful charge, and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood,
Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth,
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd

His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Distil'd around them; till at once the clouds
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
Of empyrean flame, where spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood

With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began:
Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd
I seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous fame;
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.
She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd:
O thou; in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Best image of thy author! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste.
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!
With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred order's violated laws.

See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge; that when despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill,
To save his feeble spirit; then confess
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms
With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.
Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast gigantic spectre striding on
Through murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulsive anguish; and his hand,
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
The void with horror. Silent by his side
The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop
Upon the river bank; and now to hail,
His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.
As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
Of some lone village, a neglected kid
That strays along the wild for herb or spring;

Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: so with tenfold rage,
The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
Amaz'd the stripling stood: with panting breast
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek;
Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.
O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite
Of yon tormentor thus appal thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reason wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to lie
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself
This pleasing error, did it never lull
Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refus'd
The silken fetters of delicious ease?
Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counsels, turn away
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
Know then, for this the everlasting sire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,

O wise and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous question of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with ease
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.
So spake the goddess; while through all her frame
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd:
Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or faulter in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,

As late thy eyes beheld, for thou hast chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet.
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyne not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful presence: but permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.
He spoke: when instant through the sable glooms
With which that furious presence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flash, the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and a mid the blue serene
Euphrosyne appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began:
Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; ye shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the sight
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: that thou, celestial maid!

Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyne behind.
She ended; and the whole romantic scene
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sun-shine fills the bed. Awhile I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began:
There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast

Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the sceptre, and the purple robe,
To dazzle mortals, to enslave and awe
By force or fraud, oppression's worst resorts,
To glitter in the eyes
Of servile tribes, adored with knee to knee;
When honour's self, of crimes the direst feared,
Inverts the state of things, to chain the coward Right
To the proud car of Power, bids the pale Priest
Stand mute beside the altar, hides from view
The pride of virtue and the sacred light
Of truth beneath the shade of mystic rites;
While the muse's haunt,

The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress: or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
"And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

## BOOK III.

Pleasure in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the endearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms: the spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; their opinion will be true,

And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd;
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven.

To guilty deeds: nor reason bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A stricter note: now happly must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic muse.
  See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd his motley features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order your promiscuous throng.
  Behold the foremost band of slender thought,
And easy faith; whom flattering fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasure to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valour: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once

Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien, behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.
Then comes the second order, all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
That justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching: one a female old and gray,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
The sickening audience with a nauseous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the risks of love,
And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
And sordid all his habit, peevish want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honour: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams

To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and pourtray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays,
And serious manhood from the towering aim
Of wisdom stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails, or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends his that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these soothing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the avengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mothers joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most, illustrious band!
Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns the unequal province of your praise.
Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: enfeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here subdued
By frontless laughter and the haughty scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.
Last of the motly bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides.
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands

Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.
Through every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.
Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosom wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth slow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil! yet benignant heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the widest lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd

The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.
Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends
The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps; as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye! Behold the expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
Now their gay cincture skirts the doubtful sun;
Now streams of splendour, through their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial shadows; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of such discordant things?
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At first were strung? Or rather from the links
Which artful custom twines around her frame?
For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct

The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recal one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise,
And each his former station straight resumes:
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largest choice: like springs unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils

To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest phrenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from chaos old the jarring seeds

Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose: and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in sordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away

Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song
Descend so low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion; and from shape
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in themselves
Have no connection? Sure the rising sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded and her powers
Exulting in the splendour she beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.
But were not nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment: wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice

Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,

Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sun-shine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean groaning from its lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herself harmonious; wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze

On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

## O D E.

### HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows:
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins:

While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintery shades to please?
Come, cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.
As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant airs and genial hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
Thee, pleasing cheerfulness, was born.
Thou, cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings

To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain,
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the muse and all her train,
For thee I court the muse again:
The muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.

Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desart scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell,
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend:
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient blessing hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause,

Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.
O thou whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway,
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

## O D E.

### TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom wont to beat?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd:
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain, O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense controul:
And now again my bosom burns;
The muse, the muse herself, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
I hail the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow her alone.

## O D E.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

No, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend:
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.

But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs:
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
And thy tongue faulters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign;
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the love-sick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs our eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Here is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

# AN ODE.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

To-night retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion strays:
And now to Hesper is it given
A while to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of lighter rays.

II.

O Hesper! while the starry throng
With awe thy paths surrounds,
Oh listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain!
Thee still invoke to shine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
May sooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We come while her enchanting muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone,
Now Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space, on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclos'd in woods profound.

x.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

xi.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

xii.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

xiii.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

# AN ODE.

## TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the Vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth, or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
"Proclaims the passion of the grove,
"It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove."—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On fortune's power, and custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

v.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom love, and hope, and fancy sway,
Whom every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

## AN ODE.

### ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

v.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

vi.

With which in character the same,
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

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## HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, nymphs,
Ye nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs; tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay your homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands, to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources, to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where shall my song begin, ye nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,

First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,
Were Love and Chaos Love the sire of fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of fate was time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And spotless Vesta: while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the sedgy crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads! Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæan. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.
You nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask: Favonius and the mild south-west
From you relief implore. Your sallying streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
Contagious streams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes, hail'd of bards
Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit: nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient time; and haply, while he scans

The ruin, with a silent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too, O nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirus holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your general dews to nurse them in their prime.
Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar, feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark, which now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yield to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To hear the words of Jove, on yonder hill

Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.
"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
"Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
"By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
"Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
"Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
"Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
"Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
"Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
"Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."
Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power:
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hospitable arts
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine
Imparting to the senate and the prince
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old

Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,
To drive her clouds and storms ; o'erwhelming all
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
In vain : Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw :
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Celestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.
Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs ; yet benign,
Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness, she who saves,
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the entangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the sunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding ; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in : and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores ;
While changing still, and comely in the change,

Vertumnus and the hours before him spread
The garden's banquet: you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To slake his veins: till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels: washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke: and, frequent in your praise,
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
(To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-eyed suppliants; wafts the seeds
Metallic, and the elemental salts
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and soon
Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan: as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious nymphs!
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
O shed your healing treasures. With the first

And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.
My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,
I frame their language; and the muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose
To their consorted measure: till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of my song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares:
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:

Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend,
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
Their own discordant raptures to advance
With hostile emulation. Down they rush
From Nysa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the satyrs, and the unruly fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
The ivy-mantled Thyrsus, or the torch
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear evert
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And harken to their accents; who aspires
From such instruction to inform his breast
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
Their inspiration He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
Of sober Pantheus, he the Pephian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you.

O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
Invokes the immortal muse. The immortal muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the bless'd,
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

## HYMN TO SCIENCE.

I.

Science! thou fair effusive ray
From the great source of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my labouring mind.

II.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee:
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway:
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
Reveal'd before me stand;
These to great nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
Through every maze pursue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise.
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond control;
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole.

VII.

Her secret stores let memory tell,
Bid fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours drest;
While prompt her sallies to controul,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To truth's severest test.

VIII.

Then launch through being's wide extent;
Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
And cautious steps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal mass,
Through each progressive order pass
To instinct, reason, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
In that divine abyss;
To faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
And light her way to bliss.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And social nature's ties;
The plan the genius of each state,
Its interests and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its rise.

XI.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

XII.

That last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of distress:
In business, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
Prosperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause;
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventress, thou!
Without thee, what were human kind?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
Let others spread the daring sail,
On fortune's faithless sea:
While undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee.

# YOUNG.

THIS great poet and eminent divine was the son of the Dean of Sarum, and was born at Upham, near Winchester, of which his father was also Rector, in June 1681. It seems that the Queen was his Godmother.

Placed on the foundation of Winchester College, he had the misfortune to remain there till he was superannuated, and in consequence, was at first entered an independent Member of New College, Oxford, from whence he removed to Corpus Christi, and afterwards was nominated by Archbishop Jenison to a law-fellowship at All Souls.

It is probable that his patrimony was small; and it is probable, that he did not study to improve his circumstances by economy. His acquaintance with the dissipated Duke of Wharton might have fixed a stigma on his early character, but that a good heart and good principles enabled him when he entered into holy orders, which he did not till almost fifty years of age, to support the dignity of his profession at first with decorum, and for the remainder of his life with the most exemplary honour.

"The Last Day," appears to have been his earliest poetical work of any length. "His Love of Fame," an admirable work, and a variety of other poems which followed at intervals for a long series of years, all exhibit traits of genius and a great facility as well as correctness of character.

His longest and most celebrated poem, entitled "The Complaint; or, Night Thoughts," is said to have originated from some melancholy domestic events which tinctured all his future days. This poem, once so popular, is now in a great measure neglected: it is difficult to speak of it in adequate terms. As a composition, it is different from any other in the whole range of English poetry. In abundance of it is rich, noble, and sublime. The first six books, however, are universally allowed to be the best. Of these, some which take the lead will enrich our selection. In the remainder,

though there are very many passages of exquisite beauty and pathos, the same ideas recur again and again; and the sentiments, which at first evidently flowed from the heart, at length seem to emanate more from the head.

In 1730 Young was presented by his college to the valuable Rectory of Wellewyn in Hertfordshire, where he afterwards resided; and the following year married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee, who left a son and two daughters. One of the latter an accomplished and amiable lady having been married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston, fell into a decline, and was accompanied by her mother and father-in-law to the south of France. To this Young alludes in these lines:

> I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
> And bore her nearer to the sun.

The tender solicitude of her relatives, however, was without effect; and about four years after, the wife of our poet likewise died, leaving him only one son, named Frederick, of whose conduct there are very opposite representations.

Young wrote "Busiris," "The Revenge," and "The Brothers", tragedies, which were all acted with great success. The Revenge is still a stock piece of the Theatres. He also produced several prose compositions, which at once evince piety and genius. He died in 1765 in the 84th year of his age, and enjoy'd no other preferment except Wellwyn, till within a very few years of his death, when he was elected Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Young, like Thomson, among the poets, says Anderson, (whom the Editor of this Selection always quotes with pride and pleasure,) is entitled to the rare but important praise of not having left a line, which for moral or religious reason on his death-bed, he could wish to have erased.

# THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

# NIGHT THOUGHTS.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

## NIGHT I.

## ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy *sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd despending thought

From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *day* too short for my distress; and *night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
*Night*, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
*Fate!* Drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
*Silence* and *darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *night*, who nurse the tender thought!
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of *nature* and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct* than my *song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:

Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
*Connection* exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in Being's endless chain!
*Midway* from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorp'd!
Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
*Helpless* immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her *own:* How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom

Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal;*
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
*This* is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
*This* is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance;* the reverse is folly's *creed:*
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
*Life's* theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of existence free
From *real* life; but little more remote
Is *he,* not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.

Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
*Here* pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself:
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul,
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend: (as sung above)
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread

Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
*Here* teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean?*
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me?*
Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice;* and *thrice* my peace was slain
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from *fortune's* smile.
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *past*;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert *now*, and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comforts blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain*? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than sure heirs of *pain*.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, *oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
*Here*, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
*There*, Beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
*Some*, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lop'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
*Want*, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit *here,*
And breathe from your debauch: *give,* and reduce
*Surfeit's* dominion over you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless, and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard falling crushes him to death.
Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most
From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains;
And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste,*
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of *man.*
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl, invenom'd *passions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for *myself!*
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind.*
*That,* nature's *first, last* lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And con-cious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence,* bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,

They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *world!* thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
*Misfortune*, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence;*
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
*Revolted* joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth

Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next;*
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
*Time* is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins"
By nature's law, what may be, may be *now;*
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps,*
This *peradventure,* infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountains hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could outspin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud:
Nor had he cause, a warning was denied:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human hearts the last extreme are we,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
*Procrastination* is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fates*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
*Knows* it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;

So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The sprightly *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn;
*Grief's* sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or *his*, who made Mæonides our *own*.
*Man* too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can please?
O had *he* press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

## NIGHT II.

## ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

*"WHEN the cock crew, he wept"*—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
*This* midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heaven.*
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine,* on themes may profit there,
Where most they need. Themes too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus,* though dead,
May still befriend—what themes? *times wondrous price,*
*Death, friendship,* and Philander's *final scene.*
*So* could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thirst, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?

What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
*Eternity's* inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity.*
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.
For what calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
For *Esculapian,* but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
*Youth* is not rich in *time,* it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain?*
(*These* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou say'st I *preach,* Lorenzo, 'tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake?*
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason, in the soul *immortal,*
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight
As lands and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?

Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
*Redeem* we time?—Its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads *time's* numerous *blanks;* he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks and trifles,* but from *thee?*
No *blank,* no *trifle,* nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *proposed* virtue, still be thine;
*This* cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle,* and no *blank* in time.
*This* greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
*This,* the blest art of turning all to gold;
*This,* the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! every moment *pays,*
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *time* through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've lost a day*"—the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome, say rather, lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind,
*So* should all speak: So *reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
*Time* the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to nature and himself,

Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
*Art*, brainless *art!* our furious charioteer
(For *nature's* voice unstifled would recal),
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
*Leisure* is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
*Time*, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expense;
No niggard nature; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life,
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *time* was given for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,

To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
*Time's* use was doom'd a pleasure: waste, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here then the riddle mark'd above unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *great nature's plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom broil;
We push *time* from us, and we wish him back:
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
*Life* we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun:
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed*;
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—time's a god.
Hast *thou* ne'er heard of *time's* omnipotence;
*For*, or *against*, what wonders he can do!

And *will:* To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those terms* was *time* (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *time* was born),
By godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *these terms,* from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was *time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or rather as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew *eternity* his sire;
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now,* unhing'd
(Fate the loud signal sounding), headlong rush
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy? why with levities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?
Man flies from *time,* and *time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo, then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *death* his fopperies? Then well may *life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil nor spin
(As sister lilies *might*), if not not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can support,

Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky soft
Favonious breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bauble drivell'd o'er by sense;
For rattles and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages, say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expectants fail?

O treacherous *conscience!* while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *license*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of nativity.
As all rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all consuming heirs;
Thus, with indignity and scorn, she treats
Those records, written for inspection *time*;
Unanswer'd, and unanswerable, urges
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history, which *death* shall read
In every human heart, which *time* in private ear;
And *judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this, and endless age in groans resound.
*Lorenzo, such* that *sleeper* in thy breast!

*Such* is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*
But why on *time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills;
Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
*More* than creation labours!—labours *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
*Man* sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away!
Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake;*
His ardour such, for what *oppresses* thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge:
*To-day* is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessors fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?

Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?
Where shall I find *him?* Angels! tell me where.
*You know* him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection: now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *past;*
Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quench'd;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies:
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
Though we from *earth*; *ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while

We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance? No: he has been on thee,
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee;*
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *experience* call;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire!
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall,* which struck

O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flusht with insolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call
Thy *magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Dost ask, *How? Whence?* Belshazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death;
*Life* feeds the murderer; ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
*Warnings* point out our danger; gnomons, time:
As *these* are useless when the sun is set,
So *those* but when more glorious *reason* shines.
*Reason* should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *this*, or similar, Philander! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;

And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the *recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip;
Clean thruns the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires;
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, *wisdom* and *delight*;
Twins tied by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
*Good sense will* stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
*Speech* ventilates our intellectual fire;
*Speech* burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecate's the student's standing pool.

In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;
*Converse*, the menage, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves;
And *nature's* fool, by *wisdom* is undone.
*Wisdom*, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness?*
*That* unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
*Friendship*, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
*Nature*, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two;*
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluckt by *one.*
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
*Pleasure's* bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial *happiness*, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *passion's* flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason;* passion's foe:
*Virtue* alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—Entenders us for ever:
Of *friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *friendship*, which outlives my former themes,

Glorious survivor of old *time* and *death*;
From friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed;
The wise extracts earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this Elysian *flower*?
*Abroad* they find, who cherish it at *home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None clings more obstinate than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-borne smile.
Their smiles, the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
*Reserve* will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize;
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
So sung he (angels hear that angels sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round

In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
*Friendship's* the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.
O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side,
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul,
As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise!
*Here* nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart,
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *lost!*—Philander is no more.
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much, but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold:
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropp'd,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew, I then had wrote
What friends might flatter, prudent foes forbear,
Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
*Painim* or *Christian;* to the blush of wit
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *death-bed* of the just, is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever *there,*
There, on a post of honour and of joy,

Dare I presume then?—but Philander bids,
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck, as struck the soul beneath
Aërial *groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or in some mighty *ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or at the midnight *altar's* hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No; it is his shrine:
Behold him there just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For *here* resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
*Here* tir'd *dissimulation* drops her masque
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
*Here* real and apparent are the same.
You see the *man*: you see his hold on heaven,
If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men,
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
*Virtue* alone has majesty in death!
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
"A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble *nature's* dread!
"Strong *reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!
"And, Oh! the last, last, what? (can words express?

"Thought reach it? the last—*silence* of a friend!"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all;
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*,
His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burn'd within us at the scene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix'd tears of grief, of joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
*Christians adore!* and *Infidels* believe!
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious, from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander thus augustly rears his head
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *peace*, and heavenly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

# LOVE OF FAME,

## THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

### IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

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" —— Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generosis."——Hor.

## SATIRE I.

### TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

My verse is satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronise* a muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name:
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.
Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the *law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brib'd to *Clat*;
When *clerkmen* Scripture for the classics quit,
Pervert quotations from God's *grace* to *wit*,

When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall author's smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find,
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly[*] Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?
The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steel's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.

[*] Horace.

It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writers* head,
And heaps the plain with mountain's of the dead;
Nor ends with *life;* but nods in sable *plumes,*
Adorns our *hearse,* and flatters on our *tombs.*
What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold,* like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look,* another way they *steer,*
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T——— had dropp'd his quill,
T—— —— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T——— alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a *scribbler,* who was once a *man.*
Imperious one a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd,* and B with pomp *restor'd.*
Some, for *renown,* on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote.*
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride.*
On *glass* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear?*
Polite diseases make some idiots *vain;*
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride,*
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.

What can she not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep:
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.
This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen,
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale
Sick with the *love of fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forwards, forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his father's from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
Such men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?

Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise;*
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies.*
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt,* instead of their *discharge.*
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride.*
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause!*
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws.*
Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state rooms to *strangers* and to *duns.*
The man who builds, and wants therewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs, he cries, I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *busto's* laugh:
His daughter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.

* A famous statue.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite: but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expense;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme: The *court* affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of *pride?*"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure, 'tis equal sin,
The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood:
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely drest by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face;
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.

* A famous taylor.

What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance;*
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town?
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there:*
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still:
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.
The *squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;

When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.
Here, breathe my muse! and then thy task renew!
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend.*
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer,* chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad?*

## SATIRE II.

My muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
*Heroes* and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.
So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.

For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *sylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul † Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! What hue! Was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.
We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
The gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd
*Study's* the specious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuch's are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrous' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.
O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,

In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*
Accept this verse; if satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity.*
By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit,* he is no *fool.*
In time he'll learn to *use,* not *waste,* his sense;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence.*
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day,* all the faults of all mankind.
What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh.*
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart,*
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword;*
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here.*
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
*Dull* is the *jester,* when the joke's *unkind.*
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my first satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a *just* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *fool,* or *knave!*
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou was either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who;*
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well:*

* Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own.*
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons, disappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits,* some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools;*
Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less,*
Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness;*
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake.*
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes,* thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, they're *devilish white.*
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
*Sighs* o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief!* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn;*
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son;
And by heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone,*
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp;* another *not* to see:
Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two.*
Crassus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, and with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"

Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
I'st not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body*'s wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
*Solemnity's* a cover for a *sot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence manly praise! that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face!*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone!

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth a fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
*Sunk* were his spirits, for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,

Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch case*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.
So have I seen on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.
Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out *."
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *clown* and the *fopling* are the same.
Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And fling jobs whom *sentiments* divide,

* Milton.

You vent your spleen as monkies when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;
While both are *one:* and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee.*
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme,*
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last:*
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
*Born,* and *forgot,* ten thousand in an hour?

## SATIRE III.

### TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODDINGTON.

Long, Doddington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three:*
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.

You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays;
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from sour critics vindicate the muse.
"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gauge,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *looks* their *criticism* waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
*Thieves* of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.

Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
*When turn'd away*, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
*Learns* to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men *forge the patents* that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See, Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkies* for your mirth?
Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.
To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, "he's exact in great."
"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! That's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of bloood was ever wise?
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee;*
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;

Enough to keep *two shoes*, on Sunday clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that English is their mother tongue.
To show how much our northern tastes refine,
*Imported* nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
*Worth* of *politeness* is the needful ground:
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.

Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve,
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles, cards,* and *dice;*
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids!*
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
  See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn counsel met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings!*
  Though bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals,* bend an awful brow,
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *Satire* which gave none *offence!*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me!*
The fool and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
*Knaves* know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great.*
To *merit,* is but to provide a *pain*
For mens refusing what you ought to gain.
May, Doddington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac d;
And lending, *here,* those awful councils' aid,
Which you, *abroad,* with such success obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

## SATIRE IV.

### TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENSER COMPTON.

Round some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the *verse,* th' ambitious verse should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
The kingdoms fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views
To listen to the labours of the muse;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire,*
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire.*

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot* loves:
But patriot's differ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine, providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, and *weather* of our fate;
A [illegible]ndune is an *almanack* of state.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce;
Since *apes* can roast the choice Castanian *Nut*,
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the senate "Not content" can say,
*Geese* nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wonderous force;
But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark:
A fever argues better than a Clarke:

Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.
C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.
Narcissus the Tartarian *club* disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason, with some terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
He miss'd, these many years, the church, or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
*Sense* to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.
To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth days* are their days of dressing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F——a sage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;

By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends;
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush if you surprise them in the *right*;
If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*.
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing *other's* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than Sloane, the foremost *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,
And Ashmole's baby house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph *never* wore!
He shows, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.
"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
"Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
"Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to please?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit he *levées* all the great,
Staunch to the foot of *title* and *estate*:
Where'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind;
He *sets* them sure, where'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as *a running dun*;
As if their splendour, by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:

But after seven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve.
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave;
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney sweep," or drive a *plough?*
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close!*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like these *impose.*
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
"Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
"Pelham's magnificent; but I can write,
"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat,*
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat?*
Grown *lean* and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit.*
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post?*
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
*Defends* sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat?*

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll.

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muse, for less then half a crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd?*
*Defunct* by Phœbus' laws beyond redress,
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead.*
All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Exposes *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion.*
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend.*
"Is 't then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear:*
For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.
But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive!*
Fame's *reversion*, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell.*
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags.*

Not only the low born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles' ends, who raised a sum,
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
*Just* is his title—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
*His* lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

## SATIRE V.

### ON WOMEN.

" O fairest of creation! last and best!
" Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
" Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
" How art thou lost!"— MILTON.

Nor reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair————! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and, still stranger! pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
*Then*, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite and wise.

Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
"Be lost in silence and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address!"
Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:

But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea:*
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise?*
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead.*
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chase,
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire.*
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one; a* female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
*Husbands* look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed;*
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *fair.*
More than *one* steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel;*
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng;
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
Sesostris like, such charioteers as *these*
May drive six harness'd *monarchs,* if they please:
They *drive, row, run,* with love of glory smit,
*Leap, swim, shoot flying,* and pronounce on *wit.*
O'er the belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair.*
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease:
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes.*
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella: her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense,*
Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence.*

Sempronia lik'd her man; and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *threescore*.
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
*Of pride* and *avarice* who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
*Like cats in air pumps*, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
"I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is sovereign for a *cold*:
"With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strang alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas *night*."
Did she then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose;
"Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the *fashionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, he only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.
How gay *they* smile! such blessings *nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements choose.

* Lap Dog.

Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
*Retir'd*, we tread a smooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
*Stiff* opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
Which choke our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace:*
*There*, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
*There*, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
*This* life we relish, and insure the *next;*
*There* too the muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.
There sport the muses; but not there alone:
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease.
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the forth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness:

Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday!*
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Though well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the *present* hour:
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own.*
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright* and *coy*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle (says Strephon) makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man! (she cries) how could you—
"sleep?"
Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste!*
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
*Eternal* love let man then never swear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
Nor praise, nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the *will.*

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at *least.*
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
*Eternal* love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *all,* my *mistress,* and my *friend!*
What day next week th' *eternity* shall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a *box* the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The modes she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,

Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies,*
And *gratis* clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet;*
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair.*
O! how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom* like an industrious *bee;*
*Hums* round about her, and with all his power
*Extracts* sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower!*
The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise:*
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove,*
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love.*
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays.*
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,

Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Thus wed not faces, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:
The *fair*, tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *sun*;
And yet in female scales a toy out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if her Lord'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the *stairs*.
*My* fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:

But chew she must herself! ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the *poison* of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A *lady?* pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind.
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *farthings* take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and *toss* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are in lecturings with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.

*Modern* good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.
Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me something *more*,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threescore:*
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time;*
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old.*
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
*Memento mori* to each public place.
O! how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love.*
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine.*
O! how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* gray hairs *engage;*
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.
That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain.*
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the *few;*
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,

They drop *apace*; by *nature* some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
Till, nak'd quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dip'd in *morning* dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
*Fancy* and *passion* toss it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:
Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
*Arts* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
*Your* sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:

To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promise bliss *to come*.

## SATIRE VI.

### ON WOMEN.

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable*

THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem." HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
"Then steal great names, to shield them from the
"town:
"Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
"To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
"Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
Lavinia is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To church as constant as to Drury lane.

She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer:*
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind:*
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny.
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
*That* makes the banquet poignant and polite.
*There* is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve;*
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh,
" Or if you take a lion by the beard,*
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian bard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear;"
First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one run *mad*.

* Shakspeare.

Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.
Amasia hates a pride, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
*She* from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.
If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:

But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
Mira endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long
Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store!
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*;
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:

For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the **rest**;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.
Arpasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teas'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring?
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd,* and *wretched* thing;
Old age *will* come; disease *may* come before;
*Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
Julia's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool;*
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate,* or *convey*.

But, if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme,*
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace.*
Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *soothe,* and *entertain.*
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak,* as to be *wise?*
Syrena is for ever in extremes.
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta's wise in actions, great, and rare:
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle,* though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
*Simplex munditiis,* to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist.*
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast,* for thee.
Since full each other station of *renown,*
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame.*
That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
" Methinks I look so wretchedly to day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare.*
Distrust *mankind;* with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
*Take up* no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve,* can't always most *engage.*
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure.
Whom praise we *most?* the virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all:*
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few.*
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.
But Clio thus: " What! railing without end?
" Mean task! how much more generous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor,* and *example* too.
" Daphnis," says Clio, " has a charming eye.
" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
" Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
" The man has parts who finds destruction there.
" Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!—
" Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
" Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
" At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
" The world congratulates so wise a choice;

" His lordships rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
" But then—she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to pass? She died last night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such praise* prevail.
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On *other's* fame, through fondness for our *own*.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns?*
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit;*
And quite as much detested as a *wit.*
Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness.*
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree:
Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state;*
The *happy* only are the truly *great.*
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
Our envy would be due to large expense.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a *lie!*
A *decent competence* we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:

*More*, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
*Relieve* our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But satire is my task; and these destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, Germain:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
*Retain* your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!

An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taste;
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a *female* feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting naiads call for *wine*;
*Spirits* no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie!
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
*Wives* wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expense;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell;*
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *feathers,* from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity.*
But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own,
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O, how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire, who defy the skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive.*
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy,* sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up in his stead
A deity that's perfectly *well bred.*
" Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
" Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their one in ten;
" It is their *trade;* so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions like themselves, in *black;*
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown,*
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own.*
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee!
" But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
" Did ever mortal write like a Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane.*
For what's true beauty, but fair virtues *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms,* the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep.
" Poor K—p! cries Livia! I have not been there
" These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

* Shakspeare

" I hate a crow'd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd etmpest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckoll'd by *spadille*:

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O! scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my satire from her theme!
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode;*
Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
*Love* has some soft excuse to soothe your pride:
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient power!
Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please?*
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste?*
Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *marry'd?*—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.
Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd* and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own;*
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose:*
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.
The charm begins! to yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law:
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art!*
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.
Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

## SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus."
VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known;
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:

But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrenzy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey,
The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries!* and what crimson *seas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero like, can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
*One* to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
*War's glorious art*, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!
How guilty these! yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way:
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;

Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here cease, my muse! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.
How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.
How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:

That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.
The love of fame in its *effect* survey'd,
The muse has sung! be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
Ambition hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollia *might* have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools*;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
*Why*, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For, though in all not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.
Ambition in the *truly noble mind*,
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;

As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic scene.*
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye *vain!* desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'st thou be *fam'd?* Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.
Behold a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *fame:*
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
*Tumult* and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *sudden* foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

* Amphytrion.

O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
In Brunswick such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.*
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Style's Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.
While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares opprest,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

* The king in danger by sea.

END OF VOL. IV.

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